

This was Christ's sole mission, and it must be ours. If our hearts were aflame with love like the great heart of the Triune God, things would be very different in the church today. We would be ashamed in our jealousies and rivalries in which so many of us glory. We are not half in earnest as our high calling demands. If we want to know how God yearns to save sinners, let us behold the bleeding Emmanuel on Calvary.

"What doest thou here?" Living unto thyself or to Him that died for thee and rose again, II Cor. 5:14, 15. Do not call me either Conservative or Progressive unless you mean Gal. 6:14 and Phil. 3:14. I am done with the empty popularity of these terms. Christ is my life and my goal.

Union Deposit, Pa.

NO ROOM FOR JESUS

MRS. MARY STUTSMAN

We look back to Christ's time and conclude that the people must have been a wretched, cruel, heartless set. But how many men and women are there today who by their actions if not with their lips, say "We have no room for Jesus." Jesus tenderly, gently and lovingly knocks at the door of their hearts promising that if they only accept and obey he will sup with them. But they spurn his gentle call. Their hearts are filled with pride, love of money, guile and love of worldly pleasure. No room for Jesus. We would not treat an earthly friend, nay not even an enemy so rudely and how infinitely better is he than all earthly friends. "He sticketh closer than a brother." Oh, sinner, open your heart to the loving Savior! Soon it may be too late. Perhaps we members do not make the room for him in our homes that we should. Do we always live as tho we realized Jesus' presence? Let us make him a welcome member of our families and then let our lives be as they would be apt to be if Jesus visibly dwelt in our homes.

Wauseon, Ohio.

Home Circle

A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER

Morning and evening prayers for children are numerous enough, but in many cases the language used is not that of the child. In working among children, the Rev. Ruter William Springer, post-chaplain in the United States Army, felt the need of a morning prayer corresponding to "Now I lay me down to sleep," and many teachers of little children may find use for a prayer Mr. Springer taught with much success, because of its extreme simplicity.

CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER

"Dear Jesus, you are always near me;
I am sure you see and hear me.
Keep me safe and good this day,
And make me more like you, I pray. Amen."

HER PAPA

My papa's all dressed up today,
He never looked so fine;
I thought, when first I looked at him,
My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—
The old one was so old—
It's blue, with buttons, oh, so bright,
I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sort
O' sad—I wonder why;
And ev'ry time she looks at him
It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says
That he belongs to him;
But papa's joking, 'cause he knows
My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
And mamma. And I guess
The folks are blind who can not see
His buttons marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He's ours—and yet
My mamma can't help cry,
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't—I wonder why?

—Boston Globe.

A PLEASANT SUNDAY

Selected.

It was raining very hard one Sunday morning, and Gordie's mother said, "You need not go to Sunday school today unless you want to."

Gordie looked out of the window at the pattering drops for awhile, and then said, "I think I will go. My teacher would be so disappointed if no one came, and maybe the boys will think it too rainy to come."

"Are you sure your teacher will be there?" said his mother.

"Oh, she would be there even if there was a cyclone," said Gordie, laughing. "She always comes."

Then he put on rubber-boots and a mackintosh, and took the big family umbrella. He put his little Bible in his coat pocket for safe keeping.

"I don't think a drop of rain can come near you," said his mother, as she kissed him. "That umbrella is as good as a tent."

Three hours later Gordie came home. "Mother," he said, "I had the best time today I ever had at Sunday-school. There wasn't any one there but Tom and me, and our teacher, of course. We had the most interesting lesson, and teacher told us such a nice story. Then we all stayed to church, and after church the preacher said to me, 'I am glad you were here today, Gordie. It helped me a great deal to have your sunny face before me this dull day.' What did he mean by a sunny face, mother?"

"People who have kindness in their hearts and faces that look as cheerful and pleasant as sunshine," said his mother.

"Well, I'm glad he said that," said Gordie, "because our teacher was talking today about making sunshine, and if I could learn to be a sunshine-maker I

guess we wouldn't mind stormy days any more. Then all the way home I saw how nice and green the grass was getting, and the flowers were looking fresh and opening up; when I came to the bridge the brook was running along, and last week it was all dried up. Farmer Jones told me last week that this rain would save the crop, so I think a stormy day is nice after all. Anyway I had a pleasant Sunday.

A LEAF FROM A DOCTOR'S DIARY

Union Signal.

While in my office today meditating on the past, present and future, they brought to me a poor old soldier who had stood beside me in defense of our country. When in the army he was a noble, fearless young man. Now he had delirium tremens and his courage all gone; instead of the brave soldier, there was a shrinking, shrieking coward, fighting imaginary enemies—snakes, dogs, mice and all kinds of hideous things. The sight was pitiful indeed, and when I saw the once noble fellow brought to such a condition by the accursed stuff, I solemnly promised that for all time to come not a single drop of intoxicating liquor should go down my throat.

I wish every boy in the land could have seen this poor fellow. I venture to say that every one of them would have said as I did, "Not any of that for me again; Moody can talk, but he is not in it compared with what I have seen today."

FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS

Exchange.

An incident is related of a woman who was one day calling at a bridal home, pretty in its freshness and newness. As the guest rose to take leave, the young housekeeper stepped to the piazza with her, and seeing some dust on the corners, and being anxious, no doubt, to vindicate herself from any charge of carelessness, exclaimed: "O, dear! how provoking servants are. I told Mary to sweep this piazza thoroughly, and now look at it!" The wise friend said kindly: "Grace, I am an old housekeeper. Let me give you a bit of advice. Never direct people's attention to defects. Unless you do so, they will rarely see them. Now, if I had been in your place and noticed the dirt, I should have said: 'How blue the sky is!' Then my callers would look at that as I spoke, and so get safely down the steps and out of sight."

That reply is brimful of wisdom, and is only one amplification of "Look up, and not down," the motto of tens of thousands of young people who are trying to make the most and best of life. Yet there are other thousands, both old and young, for whose sake stress may be laid upon it.